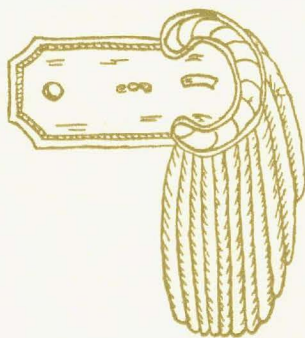
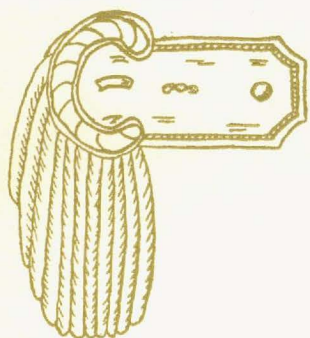


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



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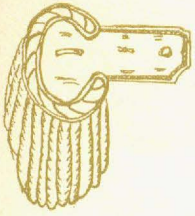
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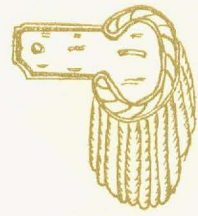
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To One I Love

By

MARY WALLACE

Whene'er I look across the sea,
My dearest one, I think of thee.
I see a sunset in the sky ;
I watch the clouds go floating by.
The night comes on and with it brings
The moon and stars, and beautiful things.
And all the beauties of the earth
Only make me feel thy worth.

And when the day has gone
At night for sleep I lie, and
In the darkness I think of thee
And wish that you I might more often see.
My prayer to God Almighty goes,
Before my eyes in slumber close,
That our love so great a flower
May always bloom with greater dower.

Study Hour

By

HILDA PARKS

SO you want to derive more advantage from your study hour? A worthy thought—in fact, a thought which we all have had at one time or another. To do this, one must have system. Let us discuss this system.

First, one must have a good sharp pencil or, as the case may be, a well-filled pen. Study hour begins at 7:30, so until 7:30 the student hunts for pencils or a bottle of ink. Necessary equipment this, but one which she neglected to buy; for, after all, her next door neighbor had a bottle of ink last quarter and someone in the dormitory is quite apt to have a pencil. Naturally, in the course of looking for writing equipment, she enters a room where some friends are eating peanut-butter crackers. They invite her in; to be sure, it wouldn't be nice to refuse their hospitality.

After eating until 8:00 she strolls back to her room, starts to getting her books, only to discover that those peanut-butter crackers have made her terribly thirsty. It's a shame to lose all this time from studying, but there's nothing to do but go over to the College

Shop and get a limeade. Of course, there's a crowd there, and she has to wait a long time to be served, but she must have the drink. Just as she is on the point of going back to her work, someone puts a nickel in the nickel-odeon, and it plays her favorite piece, therefore she must stop and listen to it.

Having returned in her room at 9:00 o'clock, she opens her book and turns the radio on to help her pass the remainder of the evening. The program is quite educational. Clark Gable's on tonight, and besides, there's nothing like a radio blaring in one's ears to give her that urge to study.

Her suite-mates come over to study and bring a letter they received to show her. She read the letter, one thing led to another, and her room students were gossiping with thoughts of algebra, typing and shorthand far away.

At 10:30 the bell rings—study hour is over; consequently she shuts up her books and climbs into bed. After all, she can get up early the next morning and study. This is the way students waste their time in needless trifles.



A Responsibility

By

LOLA MABBOTT SEWELL

EVERY great institution is but the lengthened shadow of some great man or woman. Teachers are builders of men and women; they are more valuable public servants than legislators and pseudo-statesmen. Theirs is the unbound kingdom of "Do this and it shall be your tribute to humanity."

Ideas are the most valuable things on earth when they break into the surface of action. When unbound, they are the most powerful influences in the world. They build and destroy kingdoms, explore the tractless seas, conquer horrible diseases, and challenge even the great mysteries which God has created.

Teachers sell the formable materials from which ideas are made, and for it are poorly paid. It is not the torchbearers of enlightenment who profit most materially; the profiteers are great sponsors of ignorance. They fear truth and shall some day pay for their fears.

Those who teach know the technique of imparting knowledge to others. They should assure themselves that what they teach is the nearest approach to truth they understand.

In these days of war, waste and corruption, a patriotic teacher should be alive to problems of civil righteousness and professional progress and she must bring results. Some remedies are always offered which would take time and patience, but no doubt would be worthy of consideration.

For the first, then, the command is to be the best teacher in your grade that the school has ever had. Second, take an intellectual interest

in the purpose of the public office. Third, study the situations as a whole to see how they can be improved. Fourth, refuse to sell yourself for flattery or social attention.

The Creator has made it possible for us to live through the eternal ages, not only in our heavenly abode, but in the hearts of humanity to inspire them to move toward richer possible achievement.

Suppose some of you echo this prayer and carry on:

Sunrise and gleams of light*
And birds call for the day!
And may I wake with faith in God and right
To guide me on my way.

Oh, such a faith that, growing full and strong
With each succeeding hour,
Will help me stand for right and flee from wrong
With greater power.

Noontime and heat of sun
Or storms of wind or rain!
And may I know the task thus far well done,
Then on again.

On through the hours of joy and pain, nor rest
My feet on stone or sod,
Till at the end I have achieved my best
For man and home and God.

* This poem was inspired by a dear little teacher of long ago.

Farewell

By

JEANNE SHADE

A strange inviting world,
Like a star rising o'er the way,
Beckons us ever on
As we follow its gleaming ray.

Aglow through the world's darkness
We watch its gay unfading light
Gently luring us on,
Leading us to our futures bright.

Too soon shall we forget
Amid glory of beckoning sign,
When it bids us move on,
The happy years we leave behind.

Our tasks are here complete,
Gay ventures calling, scorn delay.
We say to thee, farewell,
With wishes true, we go our way.

A Tribute to Our Library

By

VASHTI HAMMETT

HAVE you ever seen a building which to you was in itself an inspiration? I have seen several, and among them the E. Lee Trinkle Library stands out vividly in my mind.

I shall not soon forget the first time I was privileged to view its magnificence. It was on a cold, bright Saturday morning in early spring that I mounted the steps with a thrill of anticipation. I stepped inside the door and paused to admire the beauty of my surroundings. The quiet, soft coloring of the walls which is so rich yet so unobtrusive has made a lasting impression on me.

There is ample evidence of the capability and excellent taste of those who took part in the planning, the design, and the construction of the building.

One of my favorite haunts is the Browsing Room with its beautiful panelled walls, lovely furniture, and the fireplace which produces a familiar, homelike atmosphere.

It is a pleasure and a privilege to have such facilities for study and research at our fingertips. We can be justly proud of our beautiful library which contributes so much to the prestige of our campus.



Spring's Release

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Something saucy about the spring today
Led my wandering feet away
To a still and peaceful glen
Which had no sign of meaningless men.
There was a rougishness in the eye
Of all the birds that I passed by
And the perpetual, laughing brook
Had a sly and insidious look.

On I wandered through the wood
And somehow here they understood.

Cymbeline

By

CLARA RICHARDS

In early days of Britain there lived a king,
Of his great deeds and I life I now will sing.
This Cymbeline, two boys, one girl had he,
Alas! the boys were stolen in infancy.
He took unto himself a wife, the queen,
But oh! a meaner woman has never been seen.
A son had she. Now Cloten was his name.
Little wit he had. Poor boy! It was a shame!
But yet he fell in love with Imogen,
She liked him not, and this did cause a scene.
Her love was spent on one named Posthumus,
They wed in secret and this did cause a fuss.
The king just told him that he must get out
And so to Rome he soon laid out his route.
His friends he did not know just how to choose,
And maybe one night he may have taken some booze,
This group soon fell in talk 'bout life and vice,
Which some are prone to do, but 'tis not nice.
Now Iachimo and Posthumus they had a bet;
The former waged the latter his wife he would get,
So off across the sea he did set sail
With hopes to win the girl and never fail.
Her love he tried to win in an honest way,
But found this would not work in light of day.
Into a trunk he creeps and hides that night,
Then out he steals to peep, but that's not right.
The bracelet he gets, then back to Rome he goes
To take the news and turn good lovers to foes.

Well, Posthumus gets mad with his good wife,
And writes Pisanio that he must take her life.
Where the two boys have been, now let us see.
Bellanius, the thief, in woods had set them free.
They roamed the forest and killed wild hares and deer,
But never did a man their cave come near.
Alas! one day when home from work they came,
A boy was there like them. He looked the same.
This lad was Imogen, who was on her way
To meet her lover. She thought he would be in "Haven" that day.
Alas! poor girl, it was a great mistake
And so, boy's clothes she dons and acts a fake.
Now Cloten leaves the palace to find his sweet,
Instead his head is cut off and not his feet.
'Twas done by one of these boys when "Clo" got smart,
"Block-head" from body with sword now he did part.
They laid his body 'mong leaves and flowers so sweet,
The head they threw in the creek, the fishes to greet.
Now back to Imogen in her new home,
She cooked and cleaned while the good boys did roam.
Poor dear, one morning she did not feel so well,
And so she took some cordial, but did not tell.
The doctor made it for the queen to use,
But human life she said, "Not to abuse."
Alack! 'twas not the kind she thought she had—
She wanted to kill Pisanio so bad.
Now, he in turn to Imogen gave it,
And said, "Drink this, when round your head does flit."
This drink did put her in a sleep so deep
The boys were scared when in they took a peep.
They carried her out and buried her in a bed
Beside old Cloten lying there without a head.

She waked and saw, oh dear ! this awful sight,
And thought 'twas Posthumus killed in a fight.
She falls upon his body and there she lies,
Then who should come along but Lucius and tries
To find the cause. She consents with him to go
And off the Britains all march to fight the foe.
Tribute to Rome, the Britains were told to pay,
But it the queen and Cloten helped delay.
Now Rome got tired and needed this good cash,
So troops set sail all ready to act real rash.
On Britain's soil they land and start to fight—
Old men, young men, oh ! what a glorious sight.
The Britains rally 'round to fight for Cymbeline,
Such loyalty in this great land has never been seen.
Well, now, let us untangle all this mess
In such a way I'll bet you'll never guess.
Lucius and Imogen are captured and taken to court.
She spies the bracelet on Iachimo, the sport.
The king now grants a boon to this fair child
And this the boon. Imogen is now just wild
To know how came this bracelet upon his wrist,
The king demands he tell the story in a gist.
Now Posthumus and Imogen the truth they know
And thus was ended their weight of guilt and woe.
Then next Bellarius to the king gave back his sons,
Great peace now reigned without the power of guns.
The wicked queen confessed her guilt and died,
And Iachimo forgiven, even though he lied.
Great Cymbeline, his mind was in a whirl
Because once more he had his boys and a girl.
And so the story ends in happiness ;
Any more you would like to know ? Well guess.

Twilight

By

PEGGY DRAPER

The world is hushed at twilight,
There's no more to be said ;
The cares of the day are over,
And each seeks his own soft bed.

Nothing now but to dreamland,
The night winds will lull them away,
With God's heaven to watch up above them
Until He sends a new day.

Then up to the tasks laid before you,
You've rested your toil-laden mind ;
There's much in his service to keep you
And then at the end you will find :

The world is hushed at twilight,
There's no more to be said ;
The cares of the day are over,
And each seeks his own soft bed.

Voyage

By

MARY P. TREAKLE

Thoughts are often such queer things,
They light upon us,
And on their wings
We are borne afar.

Morning Magic

By

MARY P. TREACLE

What jewel adorned that blade of grass?
A yellow sapphire? No! alas,
Ere I could stoop there glowed instead
A flaming gem of ruby red;
And yet I moved—there quickly grew
A lovely gleam of starlight blue;
I held it fast within my gaze
Till misty green became its rays;
And then I saw this magic light
Become a sparkling diamond, crystal white—
Whence, whence these gems so quickly born
Upon the threshold of the morn?
One drewdrop all, whose colors came
As the rainbow's hues after the rain.

October's Rose

By

MARY P. TREACLE

Fresh with dew, its petals clinging,
A pink rose caught the late October's sun;
Upon the bush whose leaves were falling
It was the only one.

Sweet scented, as a last farewell
To those who sought the garden through the dew
Of autumn, it held its radiant petals
Sunward, as alone it grew.

A Letter

By

MARY LOUISE WOOLFOLK

Louisa, Virginia,
June 12, 1942.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

So this is our home State! I knew that this would be the high point in my trip for me, but I had no idea that I would fall completely captivated with Virginia. I love the marvelous groves of trees, the fragrant odors in the woods, the green undergrowth, the rolling hills, the big old-fashioned houses and spacious lawns. It all seems so like a marvelous dream. I am a little girl again, running ahead of you and eating wild blackberries, which are beginning to ripen between the old home places. I am not sure now that Colorado surpasses Virginia. It is not nearly as different as I had expected, but it is rather strange to hear the Virginians speak of mountain roads when the highways are all paved and one doesn't even have to change to second gear to climb any hill. Aunt Sally cries, "Oh, Alfred! Don't go around this curve so fast. Remember you are on mountain roads."

I said, "Aunt Sally, what would you do if you went around a very sharp curve overlooking a bank of several hundred feet?"

"I wouldn't go another foot," she said. "I never intend to go to Colorado."

I wanted to take a picture of the Valley of Virginia from the top of the

pass between Charlottesville and Staunton. Wouldn't it be fun to live here close to all these cousins? There are eleven of us here at Uncle Joe's home. I wonder if you would remember any of them. Joseph is the only one I felt sure I would know. I remembered his red curly hair as being black. All of Uncle Joe's girls are dark complexioned except Lillian. She is a Woolfolk all right and not as large as I am.

Aunt Mary's children are all light complexioned. I could almost mistake Robert for Jack. Little Sam, who is grown now, is somewhat like him, too. He has been playing the violin he made, for me. I surely wish you could be here and see them all and the wonderful time we are having together.

David said, "How long have you been in Colorado?" When I told him, he said, "Well, I knew you had been there long enough to get that Western accent. Do Uncle John and Aunt Mary talk that way, too?" I think he rather resents the accent of his Colorado cousins.

Most of the trees between Uncle Joe's and Uncle George's places were burned the other year. The wild blackberry vines are beginning to come back again, and they say that it is hard to find running cedar and holly any more. It certainly makes one heartsick to think what those woods should be and what they are now.

Father, do you remember that big old oak tree by the barn at your old home place? . . . but, of course, you do. I have a picture of it. The barn has been torn down and the house burned. I guess you can't tell by the picture that there is someone standing at the trunk of the tree. I have a bouquet of laurel that Joseph got from the swamp when he went after the cows. He said that was his favorite wild flower. It surely is mine, although I never saw any before. It is even more fragrant and prettier than the magnolia blossom. I have seen so many new and lovely flowers and plants that I couldn't begin to name them. I am pressing one of these flowers we used to use for dolls' umbrellas. Do you remember them? I also have an envelope of that pretty white sand from the road running

through your old home place. I should like to take off my shoes and stockings right now and play in it, but it is too cold. Can you believe it? Everyone is sitting by the fire here in June. I told the folks I thought this snap came just for me. It surely feels like Colorado temperature.

Mary Jane will not let me out of her sight if she can help it. She surely is a Sneed. I didn't think I remembered Grandma Sneed, but the minute I saw Mary Jane I knew that she looked like Grandma. John Lewis is a Sneed, too; but he looks like Uncle John. I surely wish I could bring them and Aunt Margie back with me. We are all coming back here next summer if we possibly can.

Your daughter,

LOUISE.

Not So Fine, My Friend

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

You are not as fine as I thought, my friend.
 To spit vile words into another's face
 Detracts much from your goodly grace
 And marks "finis" before the end.
 It means little or nothing to me
 For you to voice your bitter contempt,
 For I can always laugh and gladly exempt
 All sarcastic speech as triviality;
 But there are others, more sensitive, who
 Cannot look upon your scorn with jest.
 Their hearts are sore with pity for you,
 Knowing soon, with rue, your heart will be obsessed.

My Responsibility

By

MARY LOUISE WOOLFOLK

Am I aware each childish look
Reads my life as an open book?
Do I always seek God's truth to bind
In each pure young innocent mind?

Can I give peace and joy and love
Brought to earth from Heaven above,
Though life's sorrow and sad unrest
Heave within my tired, aching breast?

Can I illumine His blessed face
And show His saving power and grace
By letting light shine through my life,
Thus overcoming malice and strife?

Are my troubles buried so deep
That only joy will outward creep,
A sacred trust left in my care
To help another's sorrow to bear?

If I have done but this, no more,
My hidden burden will but soar
To the Christ in Heaven above
To return to earth as love.

To The Child (Beginning School)

By

JOSEPHINE E. SIEG

Oh, tiny lad or lassie, as you come
From out the kind protection of your home,
May you a welcome find in this our room,
Which daily, now, shall be your home.

A premonition haunts your baby eyes.
You gaze about in wonder and surprise.
Into my eyes, how bravely then you smile.
Oh, may you comfort find in that brief while!

There are so many things for you to learn,
So much of good and evil to discern.
There's One Who stands beside us all the way,
There's One, Who's here to guide us ev'ry day.

That you may see His face is all my prayer.
That you may hear His voice, may know His care.
Your youthful feet may tread the Master's way,
Then follows all of worth as night the day.

Allegory

By

FRANCES GAY

THE fire on the hearth was bright now; another big log had been thrown into its midst. This had gradually caught fire and now flared brilliantly, just as strength is granted to man by some unknown force. The battle for life was again on. Sometimes, if the fire is old, this newly granted strength is slowly eaten and used as a storage base to keep the old fire going; or, if the fire is in its youth, this power is recklessly devoured. The flames it sends us are flares of bright color with scathing heat rarely giving warmth to objects it comes in contact with, but burning with young passion and greedily eating as though the supply will soon vanish. True, the young blaze is more noticeable and all are caught in its hypnotic spell, but the elder is magnetic and gentle, it seems to say: "Come, stretch out your hands to me, I shall warm you and transmit some of my life to you; for I am old and no longer needed." Youth begs not to be shielded (and if it did not, would it be called natural!), but to be given a chance to show off and display its beauty. There are times when the young fire becomes impetuous

and has to be smothered for a while—this may make it more subdued or it may cause it to rebel all the more and to break forth in a more dangerous blaze that is quickly killed by having water thrown on it. These are usually the ones with the most brilliant flames and shortest-lived. The old fire, gone through the various stages of youth, is the one subdued and humbled. When its gallant torch reaches its base, it slowly dies out, leaving ashes as a silent remembrance of its one-time appearance; just so are the longest-remembered lives of man. It may die first in spots, just as man may lose his sight, hearing, and other faculties, and perhaps there is only one steadfast light—now wavering, now becoming dim—until its heart and soul is gone. We only see dead ashes.

What happens to the happy, generous glow after it leaves the hearth? Is it truly dead, there among the cold, gray fragments? Is it in the air with the smoke it gave off during its lifetime? Or has it departed to some mystic isle from which no one can return or can reach until passing through the same stages as the departed flame?



Happy Birdie

By

CLARA RICHARDS

A birdie with a merry song
Is singing to me the whole day long.
At morn, before the sun peeps out,
In his sweet way he seems to shout,
"Get up, get up, you sleepy-head,
It's time that you were out of bed."

His mate so lovely and shy, it seems,
Sits on the nest and quietly dreams,
While he is filling the air with cheer,
And tries to say, "Don't you come near
Our nest hid in this apple tree,
For we are as happy as we can be."

And so he sings throughout the day,
Chirping and calling in his glad way,
Swinging and singing up in the tree,
And this is what he says to me,
"Cheer up, dear friend, be happy and gay,
Be glad you're living this beautiful day."

Musings

By

ESTHER VIRGINIA JOHNSON

WALKING along the path today I found myself both meditating and admiring the wondrous works of God. You may think it odd, but somehow it brought to mind Amy Lowell's "Patterns." Why, I don't know. They have no connection, and yet they have. Everything seems to have a pattern—what pattern? Oh, millions of different patterns. There's the mimosa tree. What other pattern is like that? And God made birds different from anything else. Now what artist could possibly paint a sky just like the one above. Its cloud pictures, its color blending, its vastness; the thunder and lightning that seem to break away from some holding leash in the heavens; the moon traveling like a person across the sky, growing little by little each night; the sunrise and the sunset about which so much has been written, but never adequately enough—all these and a million times more give us a peep at God's patterns—patterns which enrich our lives, and which we are thankful for even above more material and worldly blessings. For what would more material things mean to us without God's patterned handiwork around us?



A c c e s s o r y

By

MARY P. TREAKLE

The night is wearing a silver moon
That shines as a beautiful jewel
On a velvet gown.

A Teacher's Prayer

By

SALLY DUNCAN WOOLFOLK

Dear Lord, for today I pray,
Help Thou me lest I stray,
For Thou can'st make me strong,
Lest I lead a child awrong.

Make me patient, gentle and kind,
That I may lead them to find
All things holy and true
Which leads them in love to You.

Each little tendency toward the right
Strengthen with Thy holy, loving might
Till through Thy power it shall glow,
And richer, fuller, purer grow.

Lord, this life which Thou didst give
May they always so wisely live,
Not ere content with one ought less
Than using talents to their best.

Lead them little by little to learn,
Not just what their books concern,
But how happy they can ever be
When a friend to others and to Thee.

When by the crowd they are tempted to deny
Those sacred truths on which they rely,
Help them to hold fast to the right,
Guided by Thy eternal light.

Yes, Dear Lord, today I pray
Bless each step along life's way,
Till when their life's goal is won
Each may hear Thy glad, "Well done."

All I Desire

By

JANE BROADDUS TREVVETT

The wind would tell, if the wind could speak,
What some can't understand.
The birds would say, if the birds could speak,
Why they wing away from the land.
The clean, white clouds that are sweeping by,
And every beam of the morning sky,
And every tint of the sunset's clan,
And each perfect blend in the rainbow's span,
Every snowflake of winter's gale,
Each icy blast can tell the tale,
And each shooting star, the moonlight's glow,
The raindrops, the treetops . . . yes, they all know.

But these are speechless, and cannot say
What *I* can't express in words today. . . .
But to leave behind for an hour or two
This vain world's vices of greed and hate;
To sail up there in God's misty blue
And perhaps dream dreams of a sweeter fate,
Is to know a peace, a refuge from lore
That can't be found here on earth any more,
And that's why I want a plane to fly
In an ever clear and cloudless sky.

For My Soldier

By

MARJORIE J. WARD

Dear God, please, God, hear my plea,
Keep him safe and sound for me.
Lead him, God, where'er he goes,
Make him safe 'midst all his foes.

Dear God, please, God, now help me,
Help me to be brave, and see
That hate and fear can't crowd him down
While he can see Your Cross and Crown.

Dear God, please, God, help me be
All the things he sees in me.
Make my love his guiding light,
Though his paths may be through right.

Dear God, bring him back to me,
Back the way he's meant to be,
Young and strong, brave and free,
Please, God, bring him back to me.

Dear God, let us live to be
Just the way we planned to be.
Let us live, oh God, to see
That you have heard my prayer, my plea.

